THE SOLDIER'S DELIGHT;

OR,

CROPIES LIE DOWN.

I.

WE Soldiers of Erin, ſo proud of the Name,
Will raiſe upon Rebels and Frenchmen our Fame;
We'll fight to the laſt in the honeſt old Cauſe,
And guard our Religion, our Freedom, and Laws;
We'll fight for our Country, our King, and his Crown,
And make all the Traitors and Croppies lie down.
Down, down, Croppies lie down.
We'll fight for our Country, &c. (*again.*)

II.

The Rebels, ſo bold when they've none to oppoſe,
To Houſes and Hayſtacks are terrible Foes;
They murder poor Parſons and alſo their Wives,
But Soldiers at once make them run for their Lives;
And wherever we march, thro' the Country or Town,
In Ditches or Cellars the Croppies lie down.
Down, down, Croppies lie down.
And wherever, &c. (*again.*)

III.

United in Blood, to their Country's Diſgrace,
They ſecretly ſhoot whom they dare not to face;
But when we can catch the ſly Rogues in the Field,
A Handful of Soldiers make Hundreds to yield,
And the Cowards collect but to raiſe our Renown,
For as ſoon as we fire the Croppies lie down.
Down, down, Croppies lie down.
And the Cowards, &c. (*again.*)

IV.

While *they*, in the War that unmanly they wage,
On Woman herſelf turn their blood-thirſty Rage,
We'll fly to protect the dear Creatures from Harms,
And ſhelter them ſafely when claſp'd in our Arms;
On Love in a Soldier no Maiden will frown,
But bleſs the brave Boys who made Croppies lie down.
Down, down, Croppies lie down.
On Love, &c. (*again.*)

V.

Should France e'er attempt or by Force or by Guile,
Her Forces to land on the Emerald Iſle,
We'll ſhew that they ne'er can make free Soldiers Slaves,
And only poſſeſs our green Fields for their Graves;
Our Country's Applauſes our Triumphs will crown,
While low, with the French, Brother Croppies lie down.
Down, down, Croppies lie down.
Our Country's Applauſes, &c. (*again.*)

VI.

When Wars and when Dangers again ſhall be o'er,
And Peace with her Bleſſings reviſit our Shore,
When Arms we relinquiſh, no longer to roam,
With Pride will our Families welcome us Home,
And drink, as in Bumpers paſt Troubles they drown,
" A Health to the Lads who made Croppies lie " down."
" Down, down, Croppies lie down."
And drink, &c. (*again.*)